

The Tiny Island with the Big Heart

By: Roland W. Peterson

Dedicated to the Red Cross of Aruba

“DE Pelikaan” majestically
plows through the rough
Caribbean Sea
The ocean spray keeps a smile
on the faces of the worried dapper
sea men

There is a little light
Haiti is in sight
The young man
with his make shift hearse
pulling the coffin
hangs his head in despair

On the ground sits
an exhausted Red Cross
volunteer nurse
on an empty bucket
The doctor on a brick
So they attend the sick

It is the second time around
for the Red Cross volunteers of this
little island in the sun
helping the sick on the ground

Even in the rain
the rows of the wounded are long
But here is where the help belongs

On this stricken Caribbean island
there is no music in the air
Just sighs and fears

But the people in Aruba care
This tiny island with
the Big Heart